But where to morrow? well all is one for that:
Who hath deſcried the number of the foe;
Nor. Six or ſeuen thouſand is their greateſt number.
King. Why, our battalian trebles that account,
Beſides that a Kings name is a tower of ſtrength,
Which they vpon the aduers party want:
Vp with my tent there valiant Gentlemen,
Let vs ſuruey the vantage of the field,
Call for ſome men of ſound direction,
Lets want no diſcipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a buſie day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richmond with the Lords.

Rich. The weary Sunne hath made a golden ſeat,
And by the bright tracke of his fiery Carre,
Giues ſignall of a goodly day to morrow,
Where is Sir *William Brandon*, he ſhall beare my ſtanderd,
The Earle of *Pembrooke* keepe his regiment,
Good Captaine *Blunt*, beare my good night to him,
And by the ſecond houre in the morning,
Deſire the Earle to ſee me in my Tent.
Yet one thing more, good *Blunt* before thou goeſt,
Where is Lord *Stanley* quarterd, doeſt thou know?
Blunt. Vnles I haue miſtaine his colours much,
Which well I am aſſur'd I haue not done.
His regiment lieth halfe a mile at leaſt,
South from the mighty power of the King.
Rich. If without perill it be poſſible,
Good Captaine *Blunt* beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me this moſt needfull ſcrowle.
Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vendrtake it.
Rich. Farewell Good *Blunt*.
Giue me ſome Inke and paper in my tent,
Ile draw the forme and modle of our battell,
Limit each leader to his ſeuerall charge,
And part in iuſt proportion our ſmall ſtrength:
Come let vs conſult vpon to morrowes buſineſſe,
Into our tent, the aire is raw and cold.

Enter King Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesby.

King. What is a clocke!

Cat.

Cat. It is ſix of the clocke
King. I will not ſup to nig
What is my Beauer eaſier t
And all my armour laid int
Cat. It is my Leige, and a
King. Good *Norfolke* hie
Vſe carefull watch, chuſe t
Nor. I goe my Lord.
King. Stur with the Larke
Nor. I warrant you my L
King. Catesby.
Rat. My Lord.
King. Send out a Purſeua
To *Stanleys* regiment, bid h
Before Sun-riſing, leaſt his
Into the blind caue of eter
Fill me a boule of wine, giu
Saddle white Surrey for th
Looke that my ſtaues be ſ
Rat. My Lord.
King. Saweſt thou the mo
Rat. *Thomas* the Earle of
Much like Cockſhut time,
Went through the army ch
King. ſo I am ſatisfied, g
I haue not that alacrity of
Nor cleare of mind that I w
Set it downe, is Inke and p
Rat. It is my Lord.
King. Bid my guard watch
Ratcliffe about the midſt o
And helpe to arme me, lea

Enter Darby

Dar. Fortune and victor
Rich. All comfort that rh
Be to thy perſon, noble fat
Tell me how fares our no
Dar. I by attorney bleſſe
Who prayes continually f

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